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THE REPUBLICAN
ARE VERY REASONABLE AND
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WE DO JOB WORK
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Every Kind.

VOL. VII.

THE HARTFORD REPUBLICAN.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE PARTY IN THE FOURTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

HARTFORD, KY., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1894.

HAVE YOU PAID
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Will show how you stand with
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NO. 18.



DON'T ACCEPT IMITATIONS.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO. CINCINNATI.

3 ANYWHERE!
EVERYWHERE!

SUMMER EXCURSION
TICKETS ARE ON SALE VIA THE
Chesapeake, Ohio & Southwestern
RAILROAD.

To the Springs and Mountains of Virginia,
To the Lakes and Woods of the North,
To the Seashore and the Ocean,
TO ALL THE PROMINENT RESORTS

— IN THE —

UNITED STATES AND CANADA

AS WELL AS TO THE
Pleasant Spots near Home:

GRAYSON SPRINGS,
DAWSON SPRINGS,
CRITTENDEN SPRINGS,
GERULIAN SPRINGS,

Famous for their Social, Healthful, and Economic
Advantages.

LOCAL SUMMER EXCURSION TICKETS
are on sale between all stations within a
distance of fifty miles, and
WEEKLY SUMMER TICKETS will be sold to Louis-
ville, Memphis, and Paducah, points in
the vicinity of those cities.

Rates, schedules and all information regarding
a trip to the West will be furnished on applica-
tion to any agent of the

Chesapeake, Ohio & Southwestern R. R.

and any one requiring books, pamphlets or any
advertising matter, describing any particular res-
ort, may be had, and will be procured same by writing to
any of the following:

J. T. DONOVAN,
Pass. and Ticket Agt.,
PADUCAH, KY.

T. D. LYNCH,
Gen'l Ticket Agt.,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

G. J. GRAMMER,
Ass't Gen'l Ticket Agt.,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

Cotton Belt Route
(St. Louis Southwestern Ry.)

— TO —

Arkansas, Texas

THE ONLY LINE

With through Car Service from

MEMPHIS TO TEXAS.

No change of Cars to

PT. WORTH, WACO
OR INTERMEDIATE POINTS.

TWO DAILY TRAINS

Carrying through Coaches and
Pullman Sleepers. Traversing the
finest farming, grazing and timber
lands. And reaching the most pros-
perous towns and cities in the

Great Southwest.

FARMING LANDS.—Yielding
abundantly all the cereals, corn and
cotton and especially adapted to the
cultivation of small fruits and early
vegetables.

GRAZING LANDS.—Affording
excellent pasture during almost the
entire year, and comparatively close
to the great markets.

TIMBER LANDS.—Covered with
almost inexhaustible forests of yellow
pine, cypress and the hard woods
common to Arkansas and Eastern
Texas.

Can be procured on reasonable and
advantageous terms.

All lines connect with and have tick-
ets on sale via the
Cotton Belt Route

Ask your nearest Ticket Agent for
maps, time tables, etc., and write to
any of the following for all informa-
tion you may desire concerning the
trip to the Great Southwest.

W. A. MCQUOWN,
Dis't Pass. Agt., Louisville, Ky.

E. W. LEBAUME,
G. P. & Tkt. Agt., St. Louis, Mo.

J. A. EDSON,
Gen'l Supt., Texarkana, Tex.

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CAN I OBTAIN A PATENT? For a
full description of the process, see Dr. F. B.
Burn & Co., who have had nearly fifty years'
experience in patent business. A Handbook of
Information concerning Patents and how to ob-
tain them, sent free. Send for it. Also a
list of scientific books sent free.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder
World's Fair Highest Medal and Diploma.

The Hartford Photo Car.

A. D. Taylor, the Beaver Dam Photog-
rapher, has located his Photo Car
in Hartford and will make Pictures
every Monday all day in the
Hartford Photo Car. Mr. Taylor will be found at his home
in Beaver Dam balance of the time. We are glad to say he ranks
up with the ablest Photographers in
the State. First class work guaranteed.

"When beauty comes he takes it;
If there is none he makes it."

For young girls just entering womanhood;
for women the critical "change of life";
for women approaching confinement; nurses
and mothers; for men who are "run-down," tired,
or overworked; it is a safe, and certain help.

If you have an incurable case of Catarrh,
the proprietors of Dr. H. S. Cather's Catarrh
will pay you \$500 cash. They believe that
they can cure you.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
Prepared by RICHARDSON MED. CO., ST. LOUIS.

TABLER'S PILE
BUCK EYE PILE
OINTMENT
CURES NOTHING BUT PILES.

A SURE and CERTAIN CURE
known for 16 years as the
BEST REMEDY for PILES.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Prepared by RICHARDSON MED. CO., ST. LOUIS.

W. A. AVER & CO., our authorized agents.

IN CHINATOWN.

English Speaking Diners in a Celestial Restaurant.

The Bill of Fare—Bread and Potatoes Are Minus Quantities—A Peep Into the Kitchen—Their Methods Are Neatness Itself.

The continued invasion of the Chinese restaurants of this town by other than Chinese patrons has led the proprietor of one of these places to provide a card printed in English and headed "Bill of Fare," says the New York Sun. No attempt is made to preserve the Chinese names of the strange looking but savory dishes offered here. The list starts off with plain "pot roast chicken with mushrooms," and ends with "boiled rice," in the way of substantial, after which are named four kinds of tea and six kinds of preserves. Only the much-called "tsup suey" does not appear under an English name, which is not strange, since nowhere outside of Chinese kitchens is such a dish prepared. One may satisfy a good appetite here with wholesome food for an outlay of twenty cents, while, on the other hand, there are single dishes that cost as much as one dollar and seventy-five cents. No bread is offered and no potatoes. The other vegetables served are curious in appearance, some being imported from China, and many others from a farm cultivated by Chinese somewhere on Long Island.

Diners at these restaurants may

satisfy themselves as to the character of the food before it is served. The kitchen is on the same floor with the eating-room, with connecting doors wide open, and no objection is shown—if any is felt—to the closest scrutiny of the culinary operations.

While some sightseers were making a meal of Chinese viands the other evening several fat chickens were carried up from the street, through the restaurant, into the kitchen, where they were speedily slaughtered. The method of killing them was to slit the throat with an ordinary kitchen knife, while the bird was held downward over a sink into which water was pouring. The operation required but a few seconds, and the surroundings were as neat immediately afterward as if the headsman had been merely dividing a peacock. At the same time the visiting party could see through an open door a Chinaman stripped to the waist bobbing up and down on the end of a long pole. He was making what he said was "like macaroni," and his bamboo pole, brought from China, was used in place of a rolling pin, doubtless in the same manner as by his remotest ancestors.

But nearer than the kitchen was the unique spectacle of a pretty white girl wearing diamonds, but no stockings, her bare feet being inserted in the same sort of flapping slippers that Chinamen wear indoors. She and a Chinaman, each with chopsticks, were eating "tsup suey" from one dish.

Are They Significant Figures?

Some odd facts are given in a book just published in Paris with the title of "Mysteries of the Occult Sciences." From the chapter on "Arithmomancy," or divination by numbers, is taken the following: It is known that the reign of terror was closed by the fall of Robespierre in the year 1794. The successive addition of these four digits to the number as a whole will give 1815, the year of the close of the empire. Proceeding in the same manner, 1830 is obtained, the year which witnessed the fall of Charles X. The process being continued will be found to give further the totals of 1842, 1857 and 1878. These years mark respectively the death of the duke of Orleans, with the decadence of the dynasty; the birth of the prince imperial and the attempt of the 16th of May to restore the monarchy. Arithmomancy apparently does not concern itself with the future, for the event which is to leave its mark upon the fortunes of France in 1902—the next year of the series—is not stated.

More About Judge Guffey.

Sunday's Louisville Commercial contained the following account of Judge B. D. Guffey:

The election of Judge Guffey over

NOTHING STANDS AS HIGH,

as a remedy for every woman,

as Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder.

World's Fair Highest Medal and Diploma.

The Hartford Photo Car.

A. D. Taylor, the Beaver Dam Photog-

rapher, has located his Photo Car

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Hartford Photo Car. Mr. Taylor will be found at his home

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"When beauty comes he takes it;

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For young girls just entering womanhood;

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for women approaching confinement; nurses

and mothers; for men who are "run-down," tired,

or overworked; it is a safe, and certain help.

If you have an incurable case of Catarrh,

the proprietors of Dr. H. S. Cather's Catarrh

will pay you \$500 cash. They believe that

they can cure you.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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Hartford Republican

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING

SAM A. ANDERSON Proprietor.

JO. B. ROGERS Editor.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1894.

Subscribers Take Notice.

Do you owe us any subscription? If so, please send or bring it to us. We need it. We have to pay cash for everything. In fact, it takes lots of money to run a newspaper. We are now, and have been, sending some statements to our subscribers. Don't wait to receive a statement, but examine the label on your paper and see what you owe and send the amount to us without delay. Perhaps your account is small, but we have so many of these small accounts that they soon make big ones. See to it that you do not get a dun.

Remember, when you pay up for THE REPUBLICAN and one year in advance you will receive the New York Weekly Tribune or the Louisville Weekly Commercial one year free. By all means, if you owe us on subscription, pay up.

Allow the open saloon here and you ruin our school.

PEACE, quiet and good order are the requirements of a well regulated society. The open saloon is an enemy to these.

THE STATE TREASURY is developing a very healthy deficit, and the next thing will be to raise the already exorbitant tax rate.

DEPUTY U. S. MARSHAL Bullington scooped down upon some of the tigers here Tuesday and jailed a couple before you could say cat. It caused a sensation in blind tiger circles.

THIS WAS TRUE yesterday: Full many a pie of shortest crust serene, the gay Thanksgiving boards of farmers bear; full many a turkey is picked plump clean and wastes his feathers on the autumn air.

THE GRAND JURY took a very decided stand against the proposed opening of saloons in Hartford. Every member of that body signed a remonstrance against it. Not only Hartford is against it, but the people of the county are against it.

AND the enjoyment occasioned by the signal Republican victory in the county, along with the rest of the earth, the excellent work of the Republican Committee and more especially that of Secretary W. A. Gibson should not be forgotten. "Gip" is a whole team within himself, and during the past campaign simply outdid himself. He's a veritable nonesuch as a campaigner.

SECRETARY HERBERT has recommended that Congress authorize the building of two more monster iron clad warships of the latest pattern to cost exclusive of arms not exceeding \$4,000,000 each. He also recommends the construction of from 100 to 300 torpedo vessels. Uncle Sam is able to own a great navy and the part of prudence is to build it. In this connection it might be suggested that the United States owns the two fastest warships in the world—the Columbia, 22.80 knots, and the Minneapolis, 23.76 knots.

THE VIOLATIONS of the prohibition law in this county have been so frequent recently and so flagrant that any assistance rendered to our officers in the suppression of this illegal traffic, is always thankfully received by our best citizens. On last Tuesday Mr. Moses Bullington, Deputy United States Marshal, under Marshal Blackburn, made a visit that has brought forth good fruits. Many colored men have been acting as the "go betweens" from the purchaser to the "blind tigers," and Mr. Bullington armed with warrants of arrest swooped down upon these gentrified, arresting two of them and putting many others to flight, creating such consternation among them as will deter many from the future violations of the law. One of the parties arrested made a clean breast of his connection with business and the result was five indictments. Many thanks, to you, Mr. Bullington, come and see us again, for you have earned and are now receiving the unstinted praise of all of our best citizens.

A SUGGESTION Which would be of great benefit to Hartford Commercial Club. It would advertise Hartford and Hartford's business. The Louisville Commercial says:

"A pointer to our Commercial Club may be found in the fact that every business letter which goes out from Indianapolis is enclosed in an envelope which has on its back a brief and effective summary of the business advantages of Indianapolis. When our exposition was in existence here its managers utilized the correspondence of business firms that way for advertisements, and if our Commercial Club would take the hint and get up a cut which business houses could use in preparing their envelopes, it could secure an immense amount of useful and profitable advertisement for Louisville without any cost."

Mrs. O. M. Shultz, who resigned her position in the College on account of ill health, is improving.

WELLINGTON, KAN.

An Ohio County Boy Writes an Interesting Letter From the West.

Sends Congratulations to Ohio County Republicans.

WELLINGTON, KAN., Nov. 24, '94.

The election has come and gone and with it came a great Republican victory—a victory that rolled from ocean to ocean—a victory that crushed alike the Democracy of the South and the Populism of Kansas and Colorado. But I want to congratulate the Republicans of Kentucky, and especially those of Ohio county upon their splendid success. For it seems to me that if there are any Republicans who deserve more praise than others, for the grand victory they have achieved, it is the Republicans of Ohio county and the Fourth Congressional District. But while the Republicans of Kentucky and the whole country have covered themselves with glory, it must be remembered that Kansas has done something of which she may justly be proud, something at which the whole country may rightfully rejoice.

To Kansas belongs the honor of having struck the death blow to that hydra-headed "Monster, Woman Suffrage."

So crushing and overwhelming is the victory that even the most radical equal suffragist has not as yet sufficiently recovered his breath to attack the common phrase question, "Where are we at?" The advocates of thisressive movement made quite an aggressive campaign, using all the arguments commonly set forth in its defense, such as the impetus it would give the cause of temperance, and the purification of politics in general. But I am proud to say that the men of Kansas have a higher appreciation of the sacred rights and duties of womanhood than her neighbors, Wyoming, Colorado. I am proud to say that Kansas has paid a higher tribute to womanhood, of which she as a state may not only be proud, but it is a tribute of which every country under the shining sun, that pretends to have any respect for womanhood, ought to be proud. The men of Kansas appreciate the duties and responsibilities of womanhood too much to wish to add to them the duty and responsibility of suffrage.

They justly appreciate the fact that the duties and the responsibilities of maternity are the highest and most sacred of all duties and responsibilities, by the side of which the duty and responsibility of suffrage sinks into insignificance. To what greater duties, or to what greater responsibilities could woman aspire than those of motherhood? In what sphere does she hope to wield a greater influence than she can in that of motherhood?

These are questions that I will leave for those who favor equal suffrage to answer, for I am sure that they cannot answer them by saying give her the ballot. But again is it any credit to those who advocate equal suffrage to claim that woman is equal of man in every respect? I answer no, it is to their discredit. She is not—she never will be—her faithful representation. By so doing they arrogate the woman a favor of creation unknown to God and to man.

IMPERSONATING AN OFFICER. Lev Williams was arrested yesterday for impersonating an officer, and was released on his own recognizance. It is said he and a companion were at a house of ill-fame at the same time Mr. J. C. Tucker, of Ohio county, was. Tucker was drunk and easily managed. Williams had a large detective star and either he or his companion pinned the star on his vest, and it is said, then took Tucker aside to talk to him. The men then left him to himself, and when Tucker went back to the house he claimed to have been robbed of about \$42. When he got sober he reported the case to the police, but until yesterday the evidence did not justify an arrest.

ELLIS OWEN'S LAUGHTER

Thursday evening will long be remembered by the employees of the post office. Chief Clerk J. E. Haydon vindicated himself that morning. He had been telling his associates what a crack shot he was but he was not implicitly believed. He went to the turkey shooting on the sand baracross the river, and shot so well that he brought home three turkeys, and the post office employees were asked to come to his home on St Elizabeth street that night and help eat them.

They were all there and a right royal time they had of it too. Those in attendance were William H. Alexander, Benjie Pouten, Peter Hugger, Henry O. Stein, Fred Kollenburg, Clarence Mattingly, Ellis Owen, and Ed Osborne. Cal Thomas, the colored janitor, acted as head waiter. Benie Routen recited an appropriate poem, and Ellis Owen's laughter made him conspicuous. Mr. Alexander told some steep yarns, and every body enjoyed the supper.

The Farmer's Companion.

We take pleasure in informing our readers that The Ohio Farmer is offered for the remainder of this year and all of next for only one dollar. Its circulation is now over seventy-five thousand paid annual subscribers. It goes to many foreign countries. It has enlarged to 20 pages and is one of the best most enterprising and unrestrictive farm papers in America. It is published at Cleveland, Ohio, and is national in everything but name. It is an 80 column weekly of 52 issues a year. Its proprietors are its editors, while the associate editors are M. E. Williams and W. I. Chamberlain, both men of national reputation as practical agricultural writers. Among its contributors are those who have gained a national reputation if the best in this country and are known wherever the best agricultural papers are taken. Its proprietors spare no expense nor labor that promises to add to its interest and value, and maintain its reputation as the best and most widely circulated dollar weekly agricultural journal in America. Specimen copy and premium list will be sent free to all applicants by address The Ohio Farmer, of Cleveland, Ohio. Agents wanted. Liberal terms.

These things being so it is difficult to see wherein lies the justice of the claim that women are not as corrupt as the men. It is hard to see how they are morally any better than the men, brought up by the same parents and receiving the same moral training.

Lincoln once said: "All that I am, or hope to be I owe to my aged mother." This ought to be an incentive to every mother to pay more attention to the training of her boys and

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder World's Fair Highest Award.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The Chicago Inter-Ocean offers the following on "The Beautiful Light," which is very appropriate to any love sick swain:

I've traveled many a weary league,
Through many a foreign land;

Across the waves of mystic sea,

O'er waters of burning sand;

I've sought for beauty in the North,

And under the Southern skies—

But there's nothing fairer on earth I

I'row.

That the light in my dear love's eyes

The beautiful light,

God bless the sight!

The light in my dear love's eyes.

The burdens of life press hard and fast,

The way grows dark and drear,

My purpose flags, my eyes grow dim

My heart is filled with fear—

But a light breaks through, the sky

is bright.

All clear my pathway lies,

For a love shines forth to strengthen me,

In the light of my dear love's eyes—

The beautiful light,

God bless the sight!

The light in my dear love's eyes.

This light gleams ever before mine eyes

A beacon so strong and true,

To warn, to cheer, to urge me on

In the work I have to do—

And so when life at last is o'er,

And my spirit upward flies,

May a ray stream down to greet me then

From the light in my dear love's eyes

The beautiful light,

God bless the sight!

The light in my dear love's eyes.

* * *

As old inhabitant was telling me about the cold spell in '94, which, he says, froze the Ohio River so hard that houses were built upon the ice and families from Louisville lived there in order to keep from paying tax. This sounds rather funny, but knowing the gentleman to be very reliable I am bound to take it for the truth.

* * *

A BRAVE GIRL—"Do you think your sister likes me, Tommy?" "Yes; she stood up for you at dinner." "Stood up for me! Was anybody saying anything against me?" No; nothing much. Father said he thought you were rather a donkey, but sis got up and said you weren't, and till father he ought to know better than judge a man by his looks."

* * *

Mrs. Cuthbert Bulitt has written another card addressed to the public. In it she says she regrets that she was persuaded to withdraw her divorce suit. That every allegation in her suit is true, but that she felt it was her duty to forgive him and pity his declining years. She reiterates that she consented to withdraw it upon the earnest entreaties of Col. Bulitt himself. She denounces reporters and newspapers for their abuse of "a true woman," and indeed the whole lengthy card is of a sensational character.

* * *

According to the official returns in Pennsylvania, as compared with the Presidential vote of 1892, the Republicans gained 58,790, the People's party 10,750, and the Socialist-Labor party 855. The Democrats lost 118,660 and the Prohibitionist 1568. The analysis of the figures shows that while thousands of Democrats voted the Republican ticket, an average of about one Democrat in five refused to vote.

* * *

In connection with the restoration to life of D'Arsonval's method of a man at Pittsfield Mass., who had received 4600 volts of electricity in his body, a correspondent saw Dr. D'Arsonval and obtained some particulars.

"I am not surprised at the news," said the doctor. "The man was dead, no doubt; that is to say, respiration had ceased. I don't know who the doctor could have been who applied my method. I have no one who represents me in the United States, but the system is very simple, and the remedy consists in restoring respiration."

I discovered the remedy in 1887, when I immediately communicated the results of my investigations to the Institute de l'Academie des Sciences. I commenced with animals, and restored life in this way in six instances. In regard to men, I have succeeded four times when they were foudries by electricity, industrial or artificial. I discovered this by studying cases of death by electricity. I found nothing, after the most careful examination, in the lungs, heart or head to explain the cause of death. It was purely nervous action which caused death. Now, there is a connection between the respiratory system and the nervous system.

"Take the case of a toroeador, for instance. He delivers what is supposed to be a mortal blow back of the neck. The animal falls, and ever one says that the animal is dead. This is really not the case. What the toroeador has done is that he has touched one spinal column, that is to say, a point known as the second vital de aortas, so called from its discoverer. The shock is communicated to the respiratory system, which ceased to work, and this is apparently death. To restore this action respiration may be artificially restored to it practically the same way as an apparently drowned man is treated.

* * *

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* * *

Teachers' Meeting.

The teachers of Rockport Magisterial District met at Ceravlo, Nov. 17, 1894. Owing to the absence of Vice President, G. T. Tinsley, the house was called to order by the Secretary, Wallace Rossouw was elected Chairman pro tem by the body and immediately proceeded with the program.

Welcome address was delivered by

Notice to Subscribers.

The time on the label indicates the time to which your subscription is paid. This serves both as a receipt and an expiration notice every week. Examine the date printed after your name on the margin of this paper, and see if it is correct. If not correct, please let us know. If your time has expired, please renew at once.

* * *

A STRANGE PROFESSION.

How One Man Makes a Living for Himself and Family.

His Whole Business Is to Get Arrested and Go to Jail—The Make-Believe Crime that Hears the Confessions of the Real Article.

A STRANGE PROFESSION.

How One Man Makes a Living for Himself and Family.

His Whole Business Is to Get Arrested and Go to Jail—The Make-Believe Crime that Hears the Confessions of the Real Article.

In a hotel in a small town in a northwestern county of Ohio recently was boarding a man who has a strange profession. He did not, however, remain there many days. He was arrested; a splendid burglar's kit was found in his possession, and he was hurried off and placed in the county jail. The little town went wild over the capture of a notorious and desperate burglar; the newspapers at the county seat told the story under three-head poster type, and everybody believed a blood-thirsty night marauder had been caught by jay detectives after all the city sleuths had failed. But that was a mistake, though many will go down to their graves believing a desperado with his list was captured before their eyes.

This desperate man of midnight crimes in the little hotel and town was there to be arrested. That's his business. He makes a living for himself and wife and daughter by being arrested. It is his profession, perhaps, the strangest one of thousands by which men make dollars honestly. He was greatly surprised and indignant when the local officer arrested him on a warrant sworn out by a visiting detective, made some show of resistance, asked for an extra guard for protection and went off to jail with a meekness that was most commendable.

The subject of Civil Government was first discussed by H. H. Davis, who thinks one of the best ways to teach it is to place an outline of the lesson on the black-board and let the pupils talk from that. J. C. Barnard, V. D. Fulkerson, and J. L. Brown made interesting talks on the same subject.

Will Training was next discussed by J. C. Barnard, who made a short but excellent talk on the manner or training the will.

A comic declamation was well received by M. P. Kimbley in his usual happy manner, who made the merry shouts of laughter ring over the entire house and all felt that they had not only been benefited but well entertained with the day's exercise.

The chairman appointed C. Iglesias, M. P. Kimbley and Miss Lee Chins as a committee to prepare a program for the next meeting. A motion was made and carried to hold the next meeting at Rockport the fourth Saturday in December. The body then adjourned.

WALLACE ROSSOUW, CH. IN'N, PRO TEM.

THANKS

Are cheerfully rendered by

FAIR
BROS.
& CO.

To the many patrons who have come to them during the year, and FOR BLESSINGS PAST.

In spite of what has been a rather trying year, we have much to be thankful for, and we all unite in the

HOPE

That times will be better from this day on. Fair Bros. & Co. are willing to do all they can to help you.

FOR THE FUTURE,

As in the past, their prices will be down near the bed rock and their stock way up in quality.

FAIR BROS. & CO.,

The Dry Goods and Clothing House of Hartford.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1894.

See Carson & Co.'s new Furniture. For general family supplies call on Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro.

We sell two spools of Thread for 5 cents. CARSON & CO.

All kinds of fresh groceries at Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro's.

We will pay 15 cents per dozen for Eggs. CARSON & CO.

WANTED.—50 bushels of hickory nuts. Call at REPUBLICAN Office.

For Doors and Window Sash, all kinds, call on Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro.

Mrs J. E. Rowe, Owensboro, is the guest of her father, Hon. E. D. Walker.

Miss Lena Carson visited relatives near Beaver Dam Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Larkin Griffin are visiting Mrs. Griffin's parents, near Owensboro.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Casey, Owensboro, are visiting the family of Hon. E. D. Walker.

Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro, are prepared to furnish you anything in the grocery line. Call on them.

Thanksgiving services were held at the Methodist Church yesterday. Preaching by the pastor, Rev. E. E. Pace.

FOR SALE.—A good 5 year old saddle, harness and farm horse. Call on or address THE REPUBLICAN, Hart ford, Ky.

For all kinds of doors and window sashes, call on Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro., who are prepared to furnish anything in this line at prices to suit the times. See them and get prices.

Preaching at Goshen Saturday night before each ad Sunday and on each ad Sunday. At Beaver Dam 1st Sunday in each month, morning and night, until further notice.

E. E. Pace, Pastor.

Quite a little crowd of friends and neighbors gathered at the residence of Mr. George Klein last Monday, it being the celebration of the 3rd year of their marriage. Every thing good to eat was on hand in abundance and a very pleasant day was spent.

Mr. William Stevens, of Kansas, is visiting friends and relatives in the county. He moved to Kansas thirty years ago where he has been very prosperous. He is a brother of Mr. J. W. Stevens, of Kinderhook neighborhood, and Mr. C. H. Stevens, of near Beaver Dam.

A well written, neatly displayed advertisement in THE HARTFORD REPUBLICAN is a finger-point on the thoroughfare of business, ever pointing the wayfarer to your place of business. Try one and be convinced. Our circulation is very large, and our rates are as low as the lowest.

For fruits of all kinds call on Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro.

Watkins, the barber, is prepared to give you the very best work.

For the best of staple and fancy Groceries, call on Carson & Co.

We will pay \$1.00 per bushel for Sweet Potatoes. CARSON & CO.

G. B. Slack is Williams & Bell's authorized collector. Please pay him when he calls.

Carson & Co. carry everything in the Furniture line. See their new Parlor Chairs.

The Bon Ton Social Club will give a dance at Court Hall to-night. Everybody invited.

The little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Wedding has been quite sick for several days.

J. B. Foster the Cash Store will pay 15 cent per dozen for all the Eggs brought to Hartford.

When you want anything in Livery call on Casebier & Burton. Prices to suit the times.

Mr. R. A. Anderson, who has been quite sick for several weeks, will be able to be out in a few days.

See our line of candies. It is the finest ever brought to Hartford.

Z. WAYNE GRIFFIN & BRO.

Miss Caroline Barbour entertained a few friends last Friday night at the residence of Dr. Alexander.

Mr. G. C. Westfield is fitting and otherwise fitting up the rooms over J. W. Ford & Co.'s feed store.

Mr. Fred Petty and Miss Lillie A. Wilson, Shreve, were married at the bride's home last Wednesday evening.

Mr. W. D. Smith and Miss Eva Davis were married at the bride's home, near Bartlett's, last Tuesday.

Mr. Luke Collins is getting along as well as could be expected and hopes in a few days to be able to be out.

If you want good Job Work, something nice, with the very lowest prices, call at THE REPUBLICAN OFFICE.

Born, to the wife of L. T. Barnard on the 27th, inst a fine boy—weight 11 pounds; Dr. S. D. Taylor attending physician.

The Oyster Supper at Masonic Hall Wednesday night was very well attended and the ladies thank the public for their patronage.

Mr. Almore Simmons and Miss Salie Moseley, of near Buford, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony at the bride's home Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. May and Mr. G. A. Neel, of near Whitesville, visited the family of Mr. R. A. Anderson last Friday and Saturday.

Mrs. Susan Harrison and Mrs. Mary Phillips, Jeffersonville, are visiting relatives in the county. They are aunts of our fellow townsmen, Mr. Dan F. Tracy.

The wool on Mary's little lamb was quite fine, but not equal to that in Fair Bros. & Co.'s Cloaks and Overcoats, and the prices of 1894 wool; well you know all about it.

Marriage license: W. D. Smith to Miss Eva Davis; Fred Petty to Miss Lillie A. Wilson; Almore Simmons to Miss Salie Moseley; A. K. Miller to Miss Olive Chapman.

Mr. A. A. Brown and Miss Mary Ferguson, of Beaver Dam, and Mr. T. J. Morton and Miss Oma Westfield spent last last Saturday and Sunday at Mrs. Virginia Bell's, Buford.

Mr. James Hatcher, a highly respected citizen of Centertown neighborhood, died last Friday morning and was buried at the Wm. Ross burying grounds. Mr. Hatcher was a good, substantial citizen and his loss will be greatly felt in his community.

"Every Day Business Life" was the subject of a very able lecture delivered last Monday night by Mr. W. T. Rolph, of Louisville. Mr. Rolph is the manager of R. G. Dunn & Co.'s Mercantile Agency of Louisville and through an active life in which he has come in contact with thousands of business men has amassed a mine of information and rich experience, such as it is the good fortune of but few men to possess. Mr. John J. McHenry in a few appropriate remarks introduced the speaker, who, in his opening sentences caught the attention of his large audience and retained it throughout the evening. He was proud he said to be the pioneer in the great work of introducing women in Kentucky into the wide sphere of Commercial usefulness and employment that has marked the last few years. He depicted in plain, simple and impressive style the duties, hopes and possibilities of the young man in business life, and described with precision the points of a true character and gave unerring principles whose close following will lead to ultimate success. There was scarcely ever more solid truths told in so short a time. Mr. Rolph will always have a crowded house in Hartford.

Call on Casebier & Burton for anything in Livery prompt attention given to all orders.

Mr. Jennie Moseley, Pleasant Ridge, has been the guest of her brother, Capt. S. K. Cox, this week.

Hon. T. J. Smith left Thursday morning to resume his duties as doorkeeper of the House of Representatives at Washington.

Capt. S. T. Duncan, Morganfield, and sister, Mrs. E. S. Gray, Beaver Dam, were the guests of the family of Mr. Ben D. Ringo this week.

Ed I. H. Teel will fill his regular appointment at the Court House next Saturday morning and evening, and at Alexander in the afternoon.

A Deputy U. S. Marshal struck Hartford Tuesday evening, and in a shot while half a dozen colored people in jail charged with illicit sale of whisky. They were Wes Briggs and Louis Griffin.

We are better prepared than ever to do your Job Work, and guarantee you satisfaction quality and prices. Why go elsewhere when we can do just as good work at a lower price? Give us an order and be convinced.

There was a burglar visited Hartford last Saturday night. He stopped at Dr. Alexander's and raised a racket with the Doctor's dog, which quickly brought his cook out to see what was the trouble. When she reached the back porch she was much surprised to see a large burly negro standing there. She ordered him off but he refused to go, and she went for her pistol, but before she returned he had fled. She failed to recognize him. Such intruders should be met with a volley of shot.

Mr. Miller is a brother-in-law to Mr. H. P. Neal, County Attorney-elect.

and is a worthy and popular young gentleman, while his bride possesses all the traits of character it takes to make a true woman. The REPUBLICAN together with their many friends, extends congratulations, and wishes for them a long, happy and prosperous life.

Resolutions of Condolence.
McHenry School Literary Society, colored, McHenry, Ky.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in His wise providence to call from our midst on the 14th day of November, 1894, our worthy and esteemed citizen, Mr. George Hocker, therefore be it

RESOLVED, That while we mourn the loss of our friend we bow in humble submission to Him who is the ruler of the universe.

RESOLVED, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased and a copy be spread upon the record of this society. Be it further

RESOLVED, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to THE HARTFORD REPUBLICAN and a copy be sent to the Christian Baptist and that they be requested to publish the same.

BEN MCREYNOLDS,
CORA BARRETT,
MABEL CHINN,
ARDIE TAYLOR.

A Liberal Offer.

The enterprise of the publisher of The Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass., has steadily advanced the paper year by year, keeping it always in the front rank of the best periodicals. It fills to-day as no other publication the popular demand for a practical family paper, one that is equally valued and enjoyed by old and young, and free from all objectionable features.

The best writers of all lands are engaged to write for its columns. Among the famous contributors for the volume for 1895 are two daughters of Queen Victoria; Mr. Gladstone, the most eminent living statesman, who has for the third time written an article expressly for The Companion; Sir Edwin Arnold, W. Clark Russell, Charles Dickens, Frank R. Stockton, J. T. Trowbridge, Mark Twain, Cy Warman the famous locomotive engineer, and more than a hundred writers who know the world over.

The Companion appeals to all, whether in the home, in professional or business life, to the educator and laborer in every department of work. Its sound, practical editorials deal frankly, fairly and concisely with the questions of the day. Every utterance may be accepted without reserve. Full Prospects and specimen copies sent free on application.

New Subscribers will receive The Companion free to 1895 if they subscribe now. It comes every week finely illustrated.

A DREAMING CROW.

It Had Probably Eaten a Heavier Supper Than Usual.

Wes Hearn has a crow, and he is the gawkiest, oddest, ugliest, but with the smartest bird one ever saw. He has learned the accomplishments of men so well that he now dreams—actually has nightmares.

The crow during the odd hours of his willing and luxurious captivity has dug a hole in the wall, in which he deposits dainty morsels for the future when his appetite is not satisfied.

Recently in his hole in the wall he has placed two pieces of cheese and three bits of meat, all the while casting a furtive eye to windward to see that no one learned the secret of his hiding place.

This done, he ruffled his feathers, drew his neck down into them, and, standing on one foot, went fast asleep. Perhaps the immense quantity of cheese which he had gorged himself with a half-hour before gave him the indigestion, for he had a nightmare right on the spot.

Suddenly he woke up and the air was rent with "Squawk! Squawk!" in quick succession. He danced over in a flurry of excitement to his hole in the wall and jammed his bill in it three times. Everything was there. Nothing had been stolen. He sidled over to his perch, scratched his bill with his foot in a meditative way, as much as to say: "Well, I'll be darned!" and, ruffling his feathers into a muss, drew himself into them, supported the whole on one leg, and was soon again in the land of nod.—Florida Times-Union.

Ways of Jackson.

Andrew Jackson was a model of republican simplicity and frankness. At the table his guests were provided with two forks, one of steel and the other of silver, the president always choosing the former.

His hospitality at the white house was characterized by the same lavishness that had made the Hermitage famous, and not infrequently he was compelled to eke out his salary by drawing on his private resources and pay for his diners with his cotton crop. During his administration the dinners at the white house savored more of continental usages than of the stiff English formalities previously in vogue. The guests, instead of leaving after coffee had been served, as was the custom during the administration of Mr. Adams, were wont to linger for several hours. The hospitable habit which had prevailed, of handing refreshments around, was of necessity abandoned during the latter part of Jackson's incumbency, the rough and impulsive crowds stripping the salvers of their contents before they reached the salons. Old Hickory never relished the story told about his having summoned the French chef from the kitchen, in order to ascertain the object of a foreign diplomat's visit and translate the conversation.

CIRCUIT COURT.

Doings and Workings Around the Temple of Justice.

Com'th vs. Wm. Foreman, et al.—continued.

Com'th vs. Ben Adams (3 cases)—continued.

Com'th vs. John W. Willis, petit laceny—verdict of jury, thirty days in the county jail.

Com'th vs. Ede Allen—continued.

Com'th vs. E. W. Stone—continued.

Com'th vs. Robert Wells, et al.—continued.

Com'th vs. Gray Parks, assault and battery—confessed judgment of \$40.

Com'th vs. Joe Parks, shooting in sudden heat and passion—verdict of jury guilty and fined \$50.

Com'th vs. James Coffman—continued.

Com'th vs. Albert Maddox—continued.

Com'th vs. Charles Morton—continued.

Com'th vs. Geo. Oats, grand larceny—plea of guilty entered and jury fixed his punishment at 18 months in the penitentiary.

Com'th vs. Nader Brewing Co.—continued.

Com'th vs. Thos. Hayden—continued.

Com'th vs. Wm. Pchart—continued.

Com'th vs. Bud Daniel—stricken from the docket.

Com'th vs. John Brown—stricken from the docket

Com'th vs. Wash Duncan—stricken from the docket.

Com'th vs. C. O. & S. W. R. R. Co.—stricken from the docket.

Com'th vs. John Awry—continued.

Com'th vs. Shanks Brookins—continued.

Com'th vs. Shanks Brookins—continued.

Com'th vs. Crit Park—stricken from the docket.

Com'th vs. Levy Allen—continued.

Com'th vs. Frank Collins, malicious shooting—by consent confessed fine of \$50.

Com'th vs. Goe, Sullenger—continued.

Com'th vs. W. T. Woodward, carrying concealed deadly weapon—plea of guilty and the punishment fixed by the jury at \$25 and ten days in jail.

Com'th vs. Frank Collins—Com'th vs. Elvis Carson—(4 cases) Com'th vs. D. F. Cawthon—stricken from the docket.

Com'th vs. Moncie Porter—confessed fine \$45.

Com'th vs. T. C. Stratton, carrying concealed deadly weapon—verdict of jury not guilty.</

Hartford Republican

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1894.

SHE MURDERED FOR BEAUTY

Used Her Victim's Blood for Her Complexion.

Countess Bathori Tortures and Kills 650 Maidens in Six Years—The Rapists Once Kidnapped, Imprisoned and Slain With Glee.

No more remarkable criminal ever lived than the Countess Elizabeth Bathori—the countess of blood—a murderer, who almost unaided, deliberately killed 650 people in 6 years. Her diabolical crimes are described in a volume now in press in a leading publishing house in Breslau.

The Countess Elizabeth was the niece of Bathori or Bathory, king of Poland, and wife of the Hungarian Count Nadasdy. She was born in the latter half of the 16th century. The author describes her as a woman of much apparent refinement, slender in figure, delicate in appearance, educated and accomplished.

In her crimes she was aided by a man servant and two women, all of whom seem to have entered into the villainy with quite as much fervor as the mistress herself. The man was frequently employed in kidnapping young girls when it was found impossible to secure them by other means.

Upon one occasion the countess, angered by some breach of duty on the part of her maid, seized a toilet article with a sharp point and plunged it into the girl's neck. The blow severed the carotid artery. The blood spurted forth in a great volume, covering the hands of countess and bespattering her face. This maddened her and aroused a new element in her nature. She washed her hands in the blood, and, as the girl lay prostrate on the floor, the countess lifted her feet to a chair so that the blood would more rapidly flow towards her neck.

She caught the flow in a vessel. The girl bled to death, and the countess discovered that the awful bath had made her own skin much whiter and softer than it had been before.

This was the beginning of her series of murders and tortures. The count became a party to the infamy. The diversion of the couple did not stop at murder, but included torture of the most ingenious and horrible description.

The chateau had many dangerous and passages well adapted to this cruel work. Here one night during the Christmas holidays the countess spread a royal supper and invited to it 25 young damsels from the adjacent district. The girls naturally felt honored by the attention thus shown them. The supper was sumptuous, and the tables were loaded down with rich plates. The banquet took place in a special hall underground, the better to give the guests a novel experience, as the countess blandly explained.

At the conclusion of the repast the maidens were invited one by one to inspect subterranean passages, and as they went down the corridors with their guides they were shown into different cells and the doors closed upon them. Then the work of slaughter began. The countess, with her party, visited the various rooms. The three servants fell upon the girls and disrobed them, while the count and countess sat looking on.

When they were thus prepared, the countess, causing the wretched maidens to be held down that they might not struggle, drew from her pocket a sharp knife and deftly cut the most sensitive nerves in the girl, then cut off bits of flesh, pierced the eyes and ended the suffering by cutting the jugular vein or plunging the knife into the heart. In each case the blood was preserved with great care.

In this manner, varying the mode of torture to suit her increasing savagery, the countess went from one cell to another until she had with her own hands killed the entire number of her guests.

One of the girls was spared until the next day, when early in the morning she was smeared over her entire body with honey and tied to a post in the midst of a swarm of wasps and there she was left for 24 hours, being in that time stung to death. The count and his wife meanwhile sat at a window near by and watched the suffering of their victim. After it was over the body was drained of its blood.

The blood gathered from these girls was at once used by the countess to bathe her neck and face. Vanity had much to do with these terrible crimes, for it was in the beautifying of her complexion that the countess first found an excuse for her actions. The love of torture grew on her with the increase of her crimes and the familiarity she acquired with suffering.

The countess caused one of her girls to be stoned, nute, in a hoghead of ice water and kept there for four hours after which she was clothed in a single muslin garment soaked in ice water and then tied to the top of a tall tower, while a furious snow-storm raged, and was kept there all night. In the morning the maiden was dead.

Her washerwoman she strapped to the wall and burned out her eyes, nose and tongue with a red-hot iron. She kept the poor woman alive for several days, burning her afresh every hour and torturing her in many horrid ways.

The supply of victims failing, she directed the man, Pierko, to go out to the distant country and kidnap just the species.

induce or otherwise get victims to visit the chateau. Then the favorite plan of the countess was to have a mock ceremony of marriage performed, the man Pierko acting as bridegroom and the receiving and assurance that in marrying they would acquire their freedom the following day, whereas by refusing they would be committing suicide, inasmuch as they would in that event be killed.

A girl would be conducted to a dungeon fitted up like a royal boudoir. During the night the bride would be awakened by the countess, who would plunge a knife into her heart as soon as she opened her eyes. A method that the countess found greatly to her liking was to have the victim suspended by ropes from the ceiling, and gently open a vein in her body and watch her slowly bleed to death.

The stories told of these murders created scandal. George Thurzo, governor of the province and cousin of the countess, warned his relative to cease her terrible crimes. But still murders continued, and finally even the governor made up his mind that they should be stopped by force.

Learning that his cousin had arranged for usual Christmas wholesale killing, he took some officers and went to the chateau. He found in the cellars of the building 20 young women tied to the walls without clothes and horribly maltreated. These girls were to be killed that same night, and elaborate preparations had been made for slaughter.

The girls told the governor that they had been there for a month and that there had been many more, but that every day one was selected to be killed, and when the selection had been made the victim met her fate then and there in the presence of the others. Each day the countess would torture them, and she showed wonderful ingenuity in her means of doing so. One girl had a bosom cut off by the countess, another had lost her ears, another her nose, and all had been mutilated with a devilish ferocity. One was hanging from the wall by her arm, which had been pierced by a great spike, and a large basin was placed on the ground in order that the blood might not be lost.

Elizabeth Bathori was arrested, but owing to the fact that she was a member of the reigning house she was not condemned to death. She was imprisoned for the rest of her life in the fortress of Esej, and her death took place there on Aug. 21, 1641, after she had been locked up 31 years. She was 54 years old at her death and died from starvation. Altogether, she had killed over 650 girls.—[Pennsylvania Grit.]

It is strange that some people will suffer for years from rheumatism rather than try such an approved standard remedy as Ayer's Sarsaparilla; and that, too, in spite of the assurance that has cured so many others who were similarly afflicted. Give it a trial.

Dan Boone's Gun.
A relic of historic value has just been brought to Charleston, W. Va. It is the gun of Daniel Boone Van Bibber back in the wilds of Nicholas county. The stock and barrel are five feet four inches long, it carries an ounce ball, has the original old-fashioned flint lock, and is still good shooter.

The gun was given by Boone to his friend, Mathias Tice Van Bibber. Tice Van Bibber carried it and did good execution at the battle of Point Pleasant in 1774. He carried it on hunting and trapping trips as far west as Osage river and throughout the war of 1812. The original powder horn and bullet mold are with the gun, also a very old shot pouch, a pocket compass with a sun dial attachment, and a steel spear-pointed needle for fixing bullet holes to dry; also a tally stick and part of his commission as a captain in the war of 1812, and an old, well-known butcher knife which belonged to Isaac Van Bibber, who was killed at Point Pleasant. When he found nine Indian scalps, raised by this knife, were in the pouch. Tice used the knife as long as he lived. At his death Mathias Van Bibber, the first white child born in Nicholas county, and at his death, a few years ago, they were left to his son, Nathan Boone Van Bibber, the present owner.

When David C. R. Van Bibber was 4 years old his mother gave him a set of metal buttons for his first pair of breeches. He wore no other buttons for eightysix years, and they have been placed with the gun and other trophies of Daniel Boone.

For sick headache, caused by a disordered stomach, Ayer's Cathartic Pills are the most reliable remedy. "My mother first recommended these Pills to me, thirty years ago. They are the mildest and best purgative in use"—S. C. Bradburn, Worthington, Mass.

You can by paying your subscription, and one year in advance, get the Louisville Commercial, or New York Tribune one year. If you are not a subscriber, subscribe at once.

If the hair is falling out, or turning gray, requiring a stimulant with nourishing and coloring food, Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer is just the species.

HE WAS A STRANGER

An he Took Them in—An Experience in a Mining Camp,

It was Christmas Eve in a California mining town in 1853, and Goskin, according to his custom, had decorated his gambling house with sprigs of mountain cedar, and a shrub whose crimson berries did not seem a bad imitation of English holly. The piano was covered with evergreen, and all that was wanting to completely fill the cup of Goskin's contentment was a man to play that piano.

"Christmas night and no piano-pounding," said he. "This is a nice country for a christian to live in."

Getting a piece of paper he scrawled the words: "100 Dollars Reward to a competent Piano Player." This he stuck on the music rack, and though the inscription glared at the frequenters of the room until midnight, it failed to draw any musician from the shell. So the merry went on; the hilarity grew apace. Men danced and sang to the music of the squeaky fiddler and worn-out guitar, as the jolly crowd within tried to drown the howling of the storm without. Suddenly they became aware of the presence of a white-haired man crouching near the fire place. His garments, such as were left, were wet with melting snow, and he had a half-starved, half-crazed expression. He held his thin, trembling hands towards the fire, and the light of the blazing wood made them almost transparent.

He looked about him once and awhile, as if in search of something, and his presence cast such a chill over the place that gradually the sound of revelry was hushed, and it seemed that this waif of the storm had made ready to come up. Then the men above had difficulty in sending me what little air was then coming.

"I feel pretty sick. I guess I won't last long. I've got a brother down the ravine—his name is Driscoll. He don't know I'm here. Can you get him here before morning? I'd like to see his face once more before I die."

Goskin started up at the mention of the name. "He your brother? I'll have him here in half an hour."

As Goskin dashed out in the storm the musician pressed his hand to his side and groaned. Goskin heard the word "hurry" and sped down the ravine to Driscoll's cabin.

It was quite light in the room when the two men returned. Driscoll was pale as death.

"My God! I hope he's alive! I wronged him when we lived in England, twenty years ago."

They say the old man had drawn the blanket over his face. The two stood a moment awed by the thought that he might be dead. Goskin lifted the blanket and pulled it down astonished. There was no one there.

"Gone!" said Driscoll, wildly.

"Gone!" echoed Goskin, pulling out his cash drawer. "Ten thousand dollars in the sack, and the Lord knows how much loss change in the drawer!"

The next day the boys got out, followed a horse's track through the snow and lost them in the trail leading towards Pioche.

There was a man missing from the camp. It was the three-card monte man, who used to deny point-blank that he couldn't play the game. One day they found a wig of white hair, and called to mind when the "stranger" had pushed those locks back when he looked towards the ceiling for inspiration, on that night of December 24, 1853.—[Toledo Blade.]

How's This?
We offer one hundred dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

"Stranger, do tackle it, and give us a tune. Nary a man in this camp evaded the nerve to wrestle with that music-box." His pulse beat faster, for he feared that the man would refuse.

"I'll do the best I can," he said.

There was no stool, but, seizing a candle-box, he drew it up, and seated himself before the instrument. It only required a few seconds for a brush to come over the room.

"The old coon is a going to give the thing a rattle."

The sight of a man at the piano was something so unusual that even the faro-dealer, who was about to take a \$50 bet on the tray, paused and did not reach for the money. Men stopped drinking with the glasses at their lips. Conversation appeared to have been struck with a sort of paralysis, and cards were no longer shuffled.

The old man brushed back his long white locks, looked up to the ceiling, half closed his eyes, and in a mystic sort of reverie passed his fingers over the keys. He touched but a single note, yet the sound thrilled the room. It was the key to his improvisations and as he wove his chords together the music laid its spells upon every ear and heart. He felt his way along the keys like a man treading uncertain paths; but he gained confidence as he progressed, and presently bent to his work like a master. The instrument was not in exact tune, but the ears of his audience, through long disuse, did not detect anything radically wrong. They heard a succession of grand chords, a suggestion of Paradise melodies here and there, and it was enough.

"See him counter with his left?" said an old tough, enraptured.

"He calls the turn every time on the upper end of the board," responded a man with a stack of chips in his hand.

The player wandered off into the old ballards he had heard at home. All the sad and melancholy and touching songs, that came up like dreams of childhood, this unknown player drew from the keys. His hands kneaded their hearts like dough, and squeezed out the tears as from a wet sponge. As the strains flowed one upon the other, they saw their homes of the long ago reared again; they

were playing once more where the apple blossoms sank through the soft air to join the violets on the turf of the old New England states; they saw the glories of the Wisconsin maples and the haze of the Indian summer blending their hues together; they saw the heather of the Scottish hills, the white cliffs of Britain, and heard the sullen roar of the sea as it beat upon their memories vaguely.

Then came all the old Christmas carols, such as they had sung in the church thirty years before; the subtle music that brings up the glimmer of wax taper, the solemn shrines, the evergreen holly, mistletoe, and surplice choir. Then the remorseless performer planted his stab in every heart with "Home Sweet Home."

When the player ceased, the crowd slunk away from him. There was no more revelry left in his audience. Each man wanted to sneak off to his cabin and write the old folks a letter. The day was breaking as the last man left the place, and the player, laying down on piano fell asleep.

"I say pard," said Goskin, "don't you want a little rest?"

"I feel tired," the old man said. "Perhaps you'll let me rest here for the matter of a day or so."

He walked behind the bar, where some old blankets were lying, and stretched himself upon them.

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We offer one hundred dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

"Stranger, do tackle it, and give us a tune. Nary a man in this camp evaded the nerve to wrestle with that music-box." His pulse beat faster, for he feared that the man would refuse.

"I'll do the best I can," he said.

There was no stool, but, seizing a candle-box, he drew it up, and seated himself before the instrument. It only required a few seconds for a brush to come over the room.

"The old coon is a going to give the thing a rattle."

The sight of a man at the piano was something so unusual that even the faro-dealer, who was about to take a \$50 bet on the tray, paused and did not reach for the money. Men stopped drinking with the glasses at their lips. Conversation appeared to have been struck with a sort of paralysis, and cards were no longer shuffled.

The old man brushed back his long white locks, looked up to the ceiling, half closed his eyes, and in a mystic sort of reverie passed his fingers over the keys. He touched but a single note, yet the sound thrilled the room. It was the key to his improvisations and as he wove his chords together the music laid its spells upon every ear and heart. He felt his way along the keys like a man treading uncertain paths; but he gained confidence as he progressed, and presently bent to his work like a master. The instrument was not in exact tune, but the ears of his audience, through long disuse, did not detect anything radically wrong. They heard a succession of grand chords, a suggestion of Paradise melodies here and there, and it was enough.

"See him counter with his left?" said an old tough, enraptured.

"He calls the turn every time on the upper end of the board," responded a man with a stack of chips in his hand.

The player wandered off into the old ballards he had heard at home. All the sad and melancholy and touching songs, that came up like dreams of childhood, this unknown player drew from the keys. His hands kneaded their hearts like dough, and squeezed out the tears as from a wet sponge. As the strains flowed one upon the other, they saw their homes of the long ago reared again; they

were playing once more where the apple blossoms sank through the soft air to join the violets on the turf of the old New England states; they saw the glories of the Wisconsin maples and the haze of the Indian summer blending their hues together; they saw the heather of the Scottish hills, the white cliffs of Britain, and heard the sullen roar of the sea as it beat upon their memories vaguely.

Then came all the old Christmas carols, such as they had sung in the church thirty years before; the subtle music that brings up the glimmer of wax taper, the solemn shrines, the evergreen holly, mistletoe, and surplice choir. Then the remorse